



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



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Charivaria

THERE is no truth in the rumour that HITLER has German measles. Neutrals, however, take little comfort from this while he is still breaking out in spots.

Writing about Norway, a German paper says, "The German army is determined to stop all looting." So it's mutiny, is it?

"What would HITLER do without his Navy?" is being asked. From all accounts he's half-way to doing it already.

"Head Parlourmaid; Berks."
"Second Parlourmaid of three; Bucks."—*Advs. in Daily Paper.*
Well, it might be Wores.



Many rugby footballers play shove-ha'penny. There is said to be quite a Twickenham tang in the way a powerful pack get their heads down for the first shove.

It is suggested that vegetables should be grown on golf courses, even in bunkers. It would be reversing the usual order of things to have spinach in the sand.



"America now realises what the Allies are fighting for," says a newspaper. Who said news didn't travel faster than light?

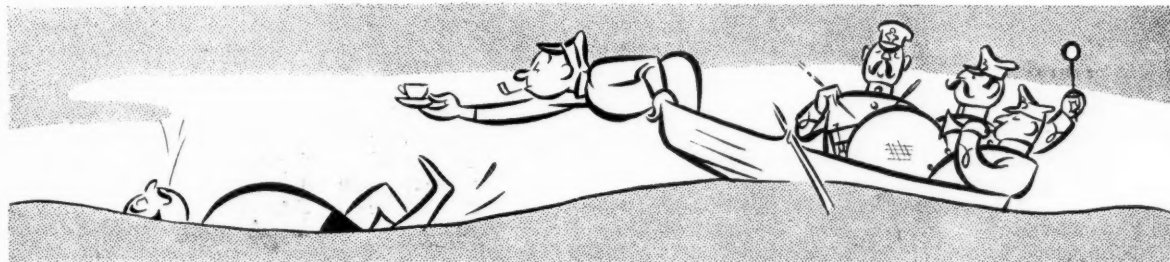
According to a scientist, a person living on Saturn would find himself weeping and sneezing by turns. We have the Ministry of Information's permission to say that our weather here is very much like that.

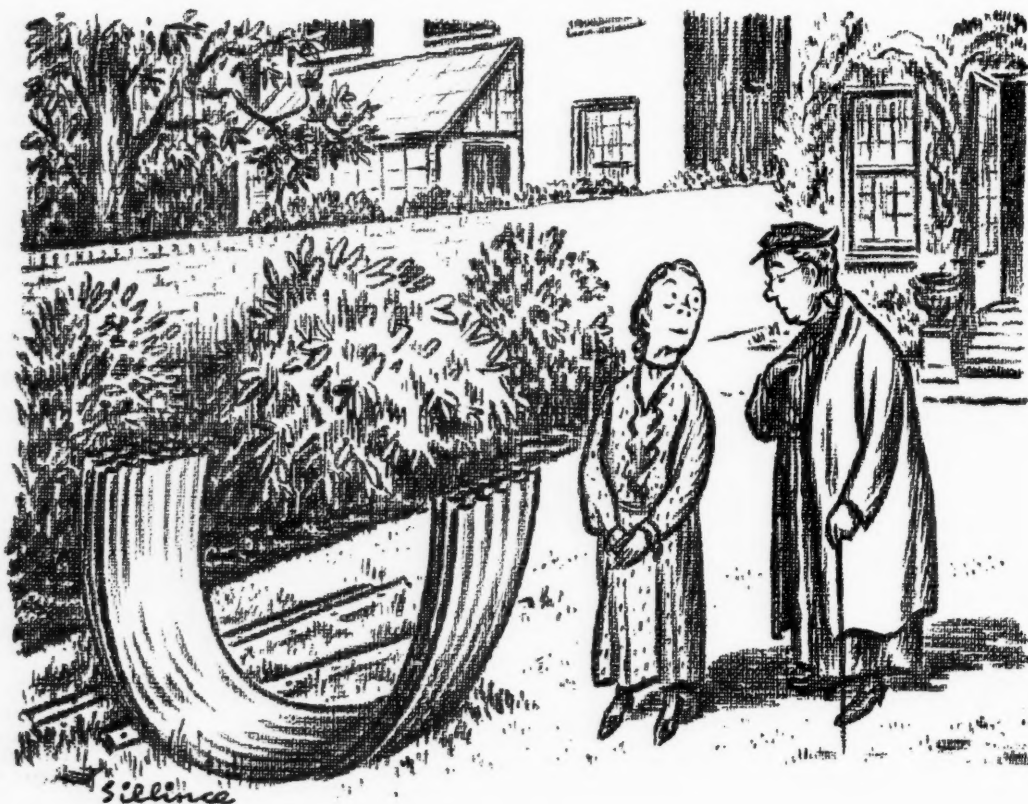
"One of the best-known Italian newspapers is run by a senior Guider."—*Schoolgirl's Essay.*
Aren't the Girl Guides wonderful?

April, we are told, used to be Herr HITLER's unlucky month. The eleven others have probably taken its place.

The war, we are told, has made the average Englishman's shoulders much broader. Just in time for the Budget.

A Bolivian announces that when the war is over he will swim across the Channel at night on his back. Apparently he is interested in astronomy.





"It was delivered here months ago—but I really don't know what I'm meant to do with it if the Germans come over."

Letters of Lotti

VERY RESPECTED MISTER PUNSCH,—It was very kind from you to propose that I for your paper write a Letter from Germany. Heil Hitler!

Now that our both Fatherlands are in war and there is little news, a harmless gossip "from the other side" can perhaps be welcome.

Till now the war has brought little change for us here in Hundskadaverberg. Conditions I am proud to say are similar as in peace—I mean the same wares as was not to be bought then is not to be bought now. Yesterday our Tante Hilde came back home. She been away two days and we think she been arrested, but she only been in Food Queue. In her arms she carry a small machine-gun, and as we ask "Why for?" she explain, "This is the week's butter ration."

Last night we sat us down to listen

to Our Fuehrer's Speech, as every true German loves to do. This time he spoke of Versailles and how Germany had had to rearm and the warmongering of the Englishmen, whereas last time he spoke of the warmongering of the Englishmen and Versailles and how Germany had had to rearm, and the time before of how Germany had had to . . . But it was naturally very good. It is always. Heil Hitler! Then after only two hours our radio started to have bad atmospherics, squealing and squeaking very awful. What do? We could not off-switch because of the Gestapo man which is cook in the flat above and the Gestapo man which is servant next door—Hans Gottlieb is yet in prison because he changed a dead battery during The Speech last month, though he missed nothing except that passage about Lebensraum, and even that he could prove he knew

by heart in that he repeated it five times, including the usual applause. On the other hand we could also be arrested for degradating our moral by listening to what was probably non-Aryan atmospherics instead of the Fuehrer. Heil Hitler! At that moment the problem solved itself for us, through the atmospherics suddenly stopping on a note of high scream, followed after by a storm of hand-claps and shoutings of "Sieg Heil!" How relieved were we as we understood it had not been atmospherics after all, but only a more than usual highly moving peroration!

Mentioning of the Gestapo reminds myself that my father's cousin's son, Ernst, had a strange thing happening to him before some days. He is a Vice-Lance Beater-up in the Storm Troopers—a youth of great promises with long thick dangling arms and a beautiful

shallow brow. He was trained at Dachau, the best place, I think, where his work won the highest praises. If he possess a fault it is his humour, and one is careful to not trip and fall in his presence because he seems not to can resist the simple fun of kicking peoples he sees on the ground. It is just his Strength through Joy—but Uncle Kaspar is still in hospital, and now Mother makes Ernst to wear carpet slippers when he come to coffee. Safe is safe.

Well, Ernst saw a little man walking in the street, looking suspiciously, and as he was much littler than Ernst, he thought he must see into it. So he kept his eyesight on him till he found a friend who from the Gestapo was, and then all both followed this man. Ernst hoped just that he would slip and fall down and give him in this way a chance to question him, when they noticed that they was being followed by two tall men. This had been all right, if those two was not obviously being followed again by a large man with a moustache.

Well, it seemed a so great muddle that they forgot the first little man, and all ceased to follow each other in order to argue. After one had give and took a few civil blows a man said a password and they discovered that the two tall men were "Special Gestapo" duty-spying on Ernst's Gestapo friend, while the man with the moustache was "Inner Gestapo" watching the "Special Gestapo" in order to notice signs of treachery. In the middle of this the quiet little man, which Ernst had forgotten, suddenly walked up and arrested them all for conspiracy. It seemed he was "Secret Gestapo," who keep an eye on "Inner Gestapo." Endly they all explained and finished with getting drunk at a near café, who they discovered luckily was owned by a man with a Jewish tenth cousin, so they did not must pay. Ernst wrote us only yesterday that he found he is now the only one in his whole circle who is not member of one of the Gestapos and he has just applied for another post, to be Ober-Truncheon-Man in "Central Gestapo," the new force being formed to watch the "Secret Gestapo."

Poor Frau Wesler, which lives at Bremenhaven, is in great distress. Her son was on one of our brave U-boats, who you British are always claiming to sink, though it is everywhere known that not one has yet been losten, in spite of the real danger they meet when they assault large flotillas of lifeboats armed in the teeth with men from sinking ships as forbidden by our own international law. It seems that Frau Wesler's son slipped through accident

from the deck during an attack and was drowned. But when two Secret Police came to her dwelling to report that he had so bravely drowned by accident for his country, unfortunately her husband was not quickly enough to say "We thank our Fuehrer," and fell down and hurt his head three times and his face one time while he lay there. But the Gestapo very kindly taken him off to, I think, hospital. Heil Hitler!

Frau Wesler, however, has been a little consoled in her loss because she can divide her sorrow with the relatives of forty-three other members of the crew of the U-boat which lived in the same town and which also slipped accidentally from the deck at the same time. All the same, the wives addressed a letter to the Fuehrer in person about perhaps to provide a non-skid deck for U-boats, and received back a very gracious answer in the Fuehrer's own secretary's secretary's own typewriting, who thanked them for their kind gift of Salami-Wurst for the West Wall defenders, which had been promptly forwarded. They have naturally understood that because of the many spies he must been writing in code, and truly in code designed to show the enemy that we really *have* a pork sausage somewhere in Germany still and are allowed to speak of it openly. Heil Hitler!

Well, I must end now because I must early rise and stand in a queue. We are joining us together to give Uncle Friedrich a gramme of real coffee for his birthday who is early next month and I must make certain to have it by then.

You must please excuse me this writing-paper if anything strange has

happened to it by the time it reaches you. Heil Hitler! Sometimes our paper grows grass; and Aunt Grete received a picture-postcard of Cologne recently who had completely become unravelled and looked just like macaroni. Unfortunately it was not it, for when she hopefully dished it up that night it had gone blue and tasted of pig-bristles. Endly Uncle Hermann smoked two good pipes of it, with enough over to be a cigarette.

With many greetings, Heil Hitler!

LOTTI.

P.S.—If you would be so kind for to send a little rubber stamp with "Heil Hitler" it would save me much trouble for these letters. Our rubber here is rare and not good: and our ersatz does not taste a bit as proper rubber.

A. A.

There is a Lad . . .

THERE is a lad who loved to wander—

By Christmas Common he would roam,

To look across to Whittenham yonder,
And so, by Russell's Water, home;

Home, above the river flowing,
Above the roofs of Hambleden,
The plover crying, the cattle lowing,
Among the fields and the farming men.

Now he is here no more, but yonder
The wide seas roll 'twixt him and home,

While he defends the Right to wander,
Freedom to roam. A. W. B.



The Fifth Column

(An Extract from Marching Orders)

IN every country where you know
The Crooked Cross is not unfurled
Take up your little bag and go
And preach our gospel through the world.

Or do not preach it. Rather seem
One who detests the Nazi style,
A lover of the old regime,
All things to all men. Cringe and smile.

Your word, your whisper and your gibe
May do more good than tanks and guns;
Study the habits of the tribe,
Sit down with them to tea and buns.

Lost is the land that hesitates,
Doubt and suspicion are your tools,
The messenger within the gates
May stifle all the fears of fools.

Steal in at night by any door,
Fondle the watch-dogs, gag the geese;
Make smooth the pathways of our war
By promise of a poisonous peace.

EVOE.

o o

From the Home Front

Unposted Letter

THE other day I saw a page of the *Daily Mirror* which had a message for me. It said:

WE WANT YOU TO WRITE FOR US

I thought this a straightforward manly appeal and one that I might without loss of dignity respond to. All right, I said to the *Daily Mirror*, what is it you want me to write for you about? Love? Or Putting Prepositions at the End of Sentences? Or what? The editor told me. He said one of the subjects he would like to hear me on was

WHY ARE YOU HAPPY THIS MORNING?

I saw there was going to be a difficulty about this. You cannot write down the reasons why you like being a hippopotamus unless you have an extraordinarily thick skin and spend a lot of your time with only your nostrils showing above the water. You cannot write *sincerely* about it, I mean; and the *Daily Mirror* is rather hot on sincerity. So I was on the point of laying the paper aside and going sadly on my way when I chanced to read a little further and found that the editor had forestalled my difficulty.

If you are *NOT* happy (he said), explain very simply the reasons. Be frank and remember that you are unhappy probably for the same reason as other readers, who will be ready to sympathise with what you say.

Right ho! then, I said, and I took pens, ink and paper and wrote these words:

The Editor of the *Daily Mirror*

SIR,—In reply to your kind inquiry of the 11th instant, I am not happy this morning. Of some two dozen reasons that spring readily to the mind, I select the following about which, as you see, I am prepared to be frank.

1. I was standing on my bed pulling my trousers on when I had the misfortune to stumble and put my foot through the springs. It is very painful to put one's foot through the springs first thing in the morning. Nothing of the kind could have happened if the authorities had supplied us with mattresses at the same time as they so unexpectedly gave us spring beds. The reason I was standing on the bed to pull my trousers on was that it is better not to stand on the floor here until one has one's boots on, and naturally one puts one's boots on *after* pulling one's trousers on rather than before. The reason I was pulling my trousers on, if you want to know that, was very simply that it causes less remark to appear on parade that way.

What made me unhappy was that when I tried to pull my foot out of the springs it wouldn't come, and then when I tried harder it came with a rush and I fell on my back on the floor. That wouldn't have mattered, but as ill-luck would have it, my fall disturbed the spare blanket which I keep neatly folded under my pillow at night, and it came unfolded. So that was one more to do for kit-inspection, which is more than flesh and blood can stand.

2. Someone has got my right boot again. Those of your readers who are unhappy because people keep pinching their right boots will readily sympathise with my annoyance about this. It's all right when I've got two pairs, because I can generally make up a pair of sorts out of what they leave me, but when one lot is being mended and they take one of the others, then I *am* done. It isn't that anyone actually steals my boots—we don't as a matter of fact have that sort down here; if we wanted to steal we'd have more sense than to take something as useless as an Army boot—they just go. As a matter of fact my foot was hurting so much from the nipping it got in those springs I might have been quite glad not to have a boot to go on it; only it was my *left* foot that got caught and my *right* boot that was missing. So you see how it is? Nothing seems to go right for me at all. It was just the same when I lost the strap off my webbing equipment. Not the strap that goes up and under and through the thing on the pack and over the right shoulder and down and in and *behind* the whatsername and fastens on to the haversack—that would have been all right; but the one that goes through the other one and across. The point is that if I'd lost the other one, the one I told you about just now, I wouldn't have been able to put my equipment together at all—a great saving of time and temper. But as I had, in fact, lost the *other* one (and please remember I'm being as frank as I can in view of the risk of giving away valuable information to the enemy), well, there I was—miserable. Still, that is by the way.

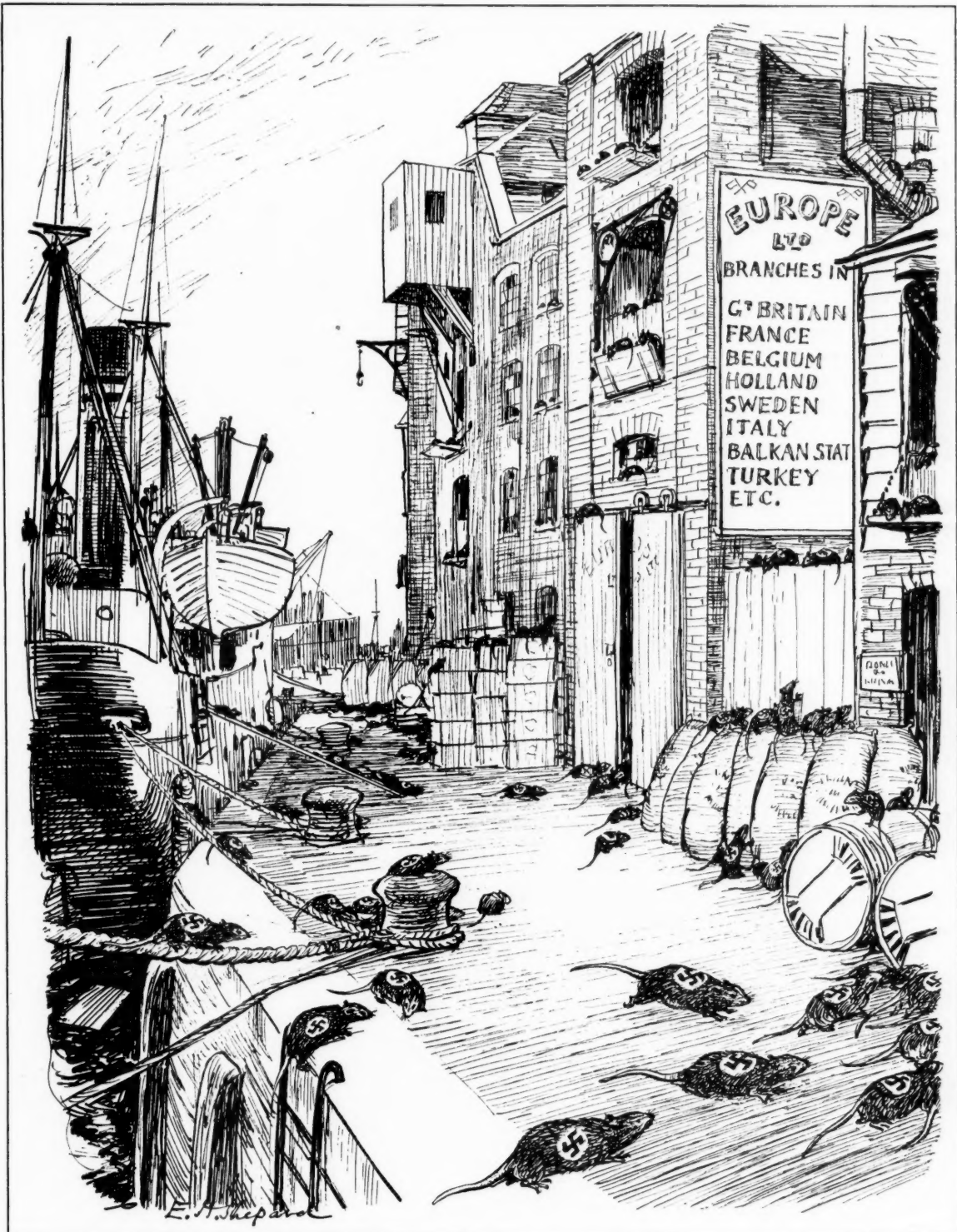
3. I didn't get what I consider a fair share of butter at breakfast. We sit eight at a table, you see, and there is a lump of butter (and quite a good-sized lump too, tell your readers), and one of us generally cuts it in half and then each of the halves in half again and then each of the half-halves in halves, and that's your lot. That sounds fair enough, and so it is, only sometimes with the best will in the world a man may not cut quite squarely. I mean, he gets the half-way mark all right (we see to that), but what if the knife veers away a bit, right or left, on the down-stroke?

It happened this morning, and when I complained that my piece wasn't straight they made it straight by cutting away the overhang at the top and eating it themselves. I got one of them on the knuckles with the handle of my knife, but even so it made me most unhappy.

It would be interesting to know if any of your readers have had a similar experience.

4. —

I had got as far as No. 4 and was thinking about what Sergeant Crumb (a new man, ripe for Norway) said to me



THE PLAGUE CARRIERS



"... so I want you all to become even more potato-minded than usual."

this morning, when I happened to glance again at the *Mirror* in front of me and found to my surprise that the editor did not want me to write for him after all. If I hadn't had the page half folded over to start with, the mistake would never have occurred, because what it said at the top made it perfectly plain that the editor's request was addressed to a few special people only, who had, as a matter of fact, already replied. He didn't care, it seemed, whether I was happy that morning or not. He was interested in me, if at all, only as a person who might be unhappy for the same reason as one of the people who *had* been asked to write and who would be ready to sympathise with what they said. A subordinate position if you like. So all the time I was writing my letter to the editor of the *Daily Mirror* I might have been busying myself about the camp, sweeping here, polishing there, encouraging now this man, now that, with a word of cheer, performing all the myriad functions of a soldier of the King.

This thought made me very unhappy.

H. F. E.

The Wood and the Trees

"I WANT your advice."
"Anything I can do, of course—"

"Oh, you can't do anything. Nobody can. But I shall go mad if I can't talk to someone."

"Do talk, please."

"Would you mind putting the dogs out? Every time they move I feel I want to scream."

"Dogs, go out in the garden! I'll shut the window."

"Thank you. The children?"

"They're all out."

"And will your husband . . ."

"He'll want to listen to the News at one o'clock, I expect, but that won't come on just yet and he'll go out directly it's over. I'm afraid you're dreadfully upset."

"No, I'm not upset. It's just that one feels so utterly frantic with the responsibility of it all."

"You mean your war work?"

"My dear, you haven't the *least* idea what it's like. The whole thing rests on me. Of course I know I'm supposed

to have this second-in-command to help me, but do you imagine that's any use? I have to decide everything myself, to tell her what to do and how to do it, and then go and see that she *has* done it, and do it all over again properly. As I said to her only yesterday: 'There's only one way for me to make sure that this place is efficiently run and that is to see to *every single thing* myself.'

"But what about the Secretary?"

"The Secretary? Please don't talk to me about the *Secretary*. Practically the first thing I said to her was: 'Don't think. Don't *attempt* to think. Whatever you think is absolutely certain to be wrong. Leave the whole of the thinking to me.' Would you feel I was being fussy if I asked to have those flowers moved? The scent is so fearfully strong, it seems to be getting on my nerves."

"I'll put them outside."

"Thank you. And now, just when I feel that I'm really on the verge of going clean off my head, *this* happens!"

"You mean the invasion of Scandinavia?"

"*Scandinavia*? I'm talking about the woman who comes to help in the kitchen. You can believe it or not, my dear, but just when I'd trained her *myself* to clean out the sink properly and get the oilcloth polished *before* eleven o'clock in the morning, she calmly tells me that one of her children has got German measles and she can't leave him! 'But, Mrs. Scamperingham,' I said, 'how do you suppose I'm going to manage? You *know* what that sink is—you know what the oilcloth is—you know what the back-stairs are. And it's so *indefinite*,' I said. 'How can we tell that all your other children mayn't get German measles too, or you yourself? This may mean weeks and weeks.'"

"Couldn't you possibly get someone else in her place?"

"My dear! Forgive me for saying so, but honestly you haven't the least idea what you're talking about. I've tried woman after woman—not that there are any to try, really, because one simply can't find domestic help nowadays anywhere on earth—but anyway, I've tried all there *are* in the

world, and it's always ended in my doing the whole of the work myself. Simply because it's the only way to make sure that it's properly done. But with Mrs. Scamperingham, such as she was, I could *occasionally* leave her to wash up a few cups or something like that without actually standing over her the whole time. Good heavens! is that the clock striking?"

"Yes, but it's five minutes fast. The News won't . . ."

"I'm so sorry, I think it's because my nerves are in shreds, but any sort of sudden noise like that makes me feel like bursting into floods and floods of tears. And once I begin I never leave off."

"Do you think—it's only a suggestion of course—that perhaps you may be doing rather too much?"

"But how can I help it? There *isn't* anyone else. Honestly. There isn't one single person in the whole show who's capable of the least initiative, or fit to take the slightest responsibility, or able to do the simplest job. The whole thing falls on me."

"In that case it might be simpler to get rid of all of them and carry on single-handed."

"What did you say? Would you mind frightfully if I asked you to open the window again? I keep on getting these fearful attacks of dizziness, when everything turns black and I feel exactly as if I were going to choke. I never actually *do* choke, if you understand what I mean, but I always feel exactly as if I were going to."

"How very trying for you!"

"No, it doesn't make any difference. I go on just the same, from morning till night, simply because *I must*. If I didn't—it's not that I think I'm indispensable or anything like that—but if I were to let up for one single instant the whole thing would simply crash. Just crash. Dear, what *are* you doing? I don't mean to be fussy, but if anybody moves it seems to upset me so that I'm never quite sure I shan't suddenly go off into a dead faint."

"I was only going to switch on the wireless for the News. But perhaps you'd rather not?"

"The News? Do you mean the war-news? Oh, that's quite all right. You *must* see for yourself that I've got other things to worry about besides the war."

E. M. D.



"Yes, certainly. It's fifteen-thirtyfour B.S.T."

At the Pictures

GEORGE, LENNIE AND THE EARL

It will of course astound you to find a film article this week that does not begin with something about *Gone With the Wind*, but I have to confess that at the moment of writing I haven't seen it. My observations about this feat of endurance may be expected a fortnight hence, when you are sick of the very sound of the title. To-day we begin with *Of Mice and Men* (Director: LEWIS MILESTONE), which comes out very well in its third incarnation: an interesting, moving film, admirably done in all departments. I didn't read the book, I didn't see the play, but I gather it is pretty faithful to the original except for some toning down of the dialogue. It is still, as most of you know well enough, the story of *George* and *Lennie*: *Lennie* the big, child-like, herculean half-wit, and *George* the sharp little man who looks after him and tries with desperate affection to keep him out of trouble. But it also still retains what as a film it might easily have lost: its quality of being "about something." It is still, apart from the mere narrative, an examination of the subject of loneliness, and a very powerful, impressive and affecting one.

BURGESS MEREDITH is *George*: I got the impression that he was happier in the part than he has been in any other since he went to Hollywood, and certainly he does it extremely well. *Lennie* is LON CHANEY Junior, whose performance I could judge more impartially if I hadn't been trying all the time to think who it was he reminded me of. (I still don't know.)

From the others it is difficult to single out one; there is first-rate work from everybody. BOB STEELE as the mean, jealous, dapper little son of the boss; BETTY FIELD as his pretty empty-headed wife, who is the undoing of *Lennie*; ROMAN BOHNEN as *Candy*, the poor old man who loses his dog; LEIGH WHIPPER as *Crooks*, the crippled Negro—all are excellent. The direction is admirable, and the scene—a

California barley ranch—gives many opportunities for fine photography.

In *The Earl of Chicago* (Director: RICHARD THORPE) ROBERT MONTGOMERY shows once more, as in *Night Must Fall*, that he is an actor of much more power than he is usually allowed to suggest. This is a picture that will make some people uneasy, for the first two-thirds of it contains many broad farcical effects that make the harshness

entertaining, and Mr. MONTGOMERY's portrayal of the gangster (who has a quick, high, unsympathetic, exasperating snigger) is not to be missed.

The latest SACHA GUITRY film, *Ils Etaient Neuf Célibataires*, is unsatisfactory, though like any GUITRY film it has many brilliant and amusing moments. The trouble is perhaps mainly due to the episodic treatment. The story deals with a man-about-town, living on his wits (to coin a description), who starts a hostel for "old bachelors," and then sells them—more or less—as husbands to rich women who for one reason or another want to be married to Frenchmen. You can guess who plays *Jean*, the man-about-town, whose motive is partly to make money, partly to meet and eventually to marry *Stacia* (ELVIRE POPESCO); for he knows she will come to the hostel for a French husband.

He fails to foresee that the seven bachelors who have been married will leave the hostel and visit their new wives. This is of course where we get the episodes, and very well done and funny many of them are; but the real GUITRY touch is most noticeable in the hostel and other scenes where all the old bachelors are together, trotting about in single file to the accompaniment of skittish airs played on the bassoon. All the old men are beautifully performed, but MAX DEARLY, SATURNIN FABRE and AIMOS have most to do. A brief verdict on the film: Patchy but enjoyable.



[The Earl of Chicago]

THE NEW EARL TAKES OVER.

Munsey EDMUND GWENN

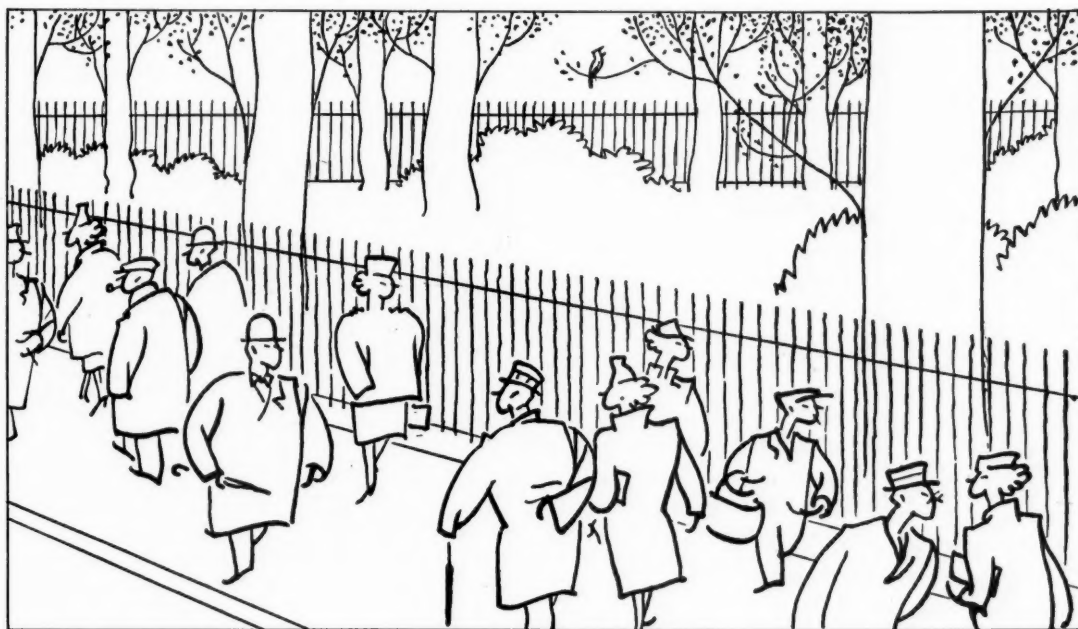
The Earl of Gorley ROBERT MONTGOMERY

of the later part all the more of a surprise; but I found it enjoyable, for Mr. MONTGOMERY's performance is brilliant throughout. He plays a smart, cunning Chicago gangster who inherits an English earldom and comes over to try to cash in on it. Of course you realise that the deep peace and immemorial tradition of the English scene, and all that stuff, work a change in him so that he goes to his death like a proper nobleman after killing a double-crossing lawyer. . . . All this might have been very wearisome, but it is passably done; the whole film is highly

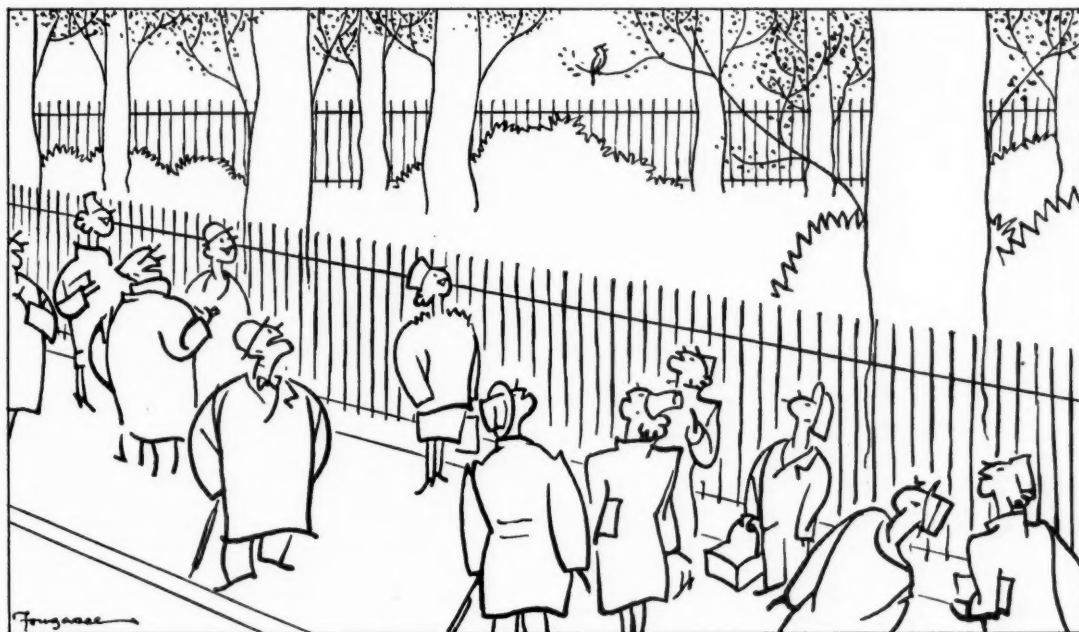
The excuse for the propaganda film *For Freedom* (Directors: MAURICE ELVEY and CASTLETON KNIGHT), and the reason why most people will see it, is that it includes reconstructions of the River Plate battle and the *Altmark* rescue, performed by many of the men who were actually there. These scenes are exciting and well done. I'm not very happy about the "frame" for them, which involves WILL FYFFE as a newsreel boss and a number of type-characters representing cameramen of various countries; but I suppose that will pass. When I was there the audience laughed and applauded at the right moments. R. M.

THE CHANGING FACE OF BRITAIN

XXXIII.—APPRECIATION OF NATURE



1



2



"Good morning, Madam. We're testing gas-masks—*you know, those black rubber things you had with charcoal containers and straps that go over the head . . .*"

Problems of an Apiarist

MY mother disapproved of my Uncle Charles more strongly than she did of any other of my father's relatives. She always described him as a wastrel, and she objected strenuously when my father called him Charlie, because she said it was vulgar. My father, on the other hand, had secretly admired his elder brother since boyhood with that admiration which one reserves for people who spend their lives with one foot in the frying-pan and one in the fire.

The escapades of my Uncle Charles would fill many volumes, but the one which made the greatest impression on my elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and me, occurred when he was asked by Mrs. Oliphant, the Rector's wife, to deliver a lecture to her sewing circle.

Mrs. Oliphant had called on my mother when my Uncle Charles was staying with us, and had talked for such a long time that she had been invited to tea. As fate would have it my mother had just bought a new honeycomb, and Mrs. Oliphant remarked on its excellent quality. My Uncle Charles, who could discourse at length on any subject, leant forward and, ignoring my mother's warning eye, declared: "Very fine, English honey—not so good as South African though—wonderful country—sun—air—had an apiary there—always regret leaving—fine prospects."

Although Mrs. Oliphant was unaccustomed to my Uncle Charles's disconnected conversational style, she understood

him to say that he had once owned an apiary in South Africa.

"Really," she said, "this is most interesting! I must get you to address our sewing circle in the school-room. Several of our members are anxious to know how to keep bees."

"Delighted," said my Uncle Charles. "Interesting things—bees—queer ways."

By the time Mrs. Oliphant left us my Uncle Charles had promised to address her sewing circle on "Problems of an Apiarist."

At this time my father knew that my Uncle Charles had once visited South Africa, but his knowledge of his brother's experiences in that country was rather vague. The facts were these. After an episode in his career somewhat more discreditable than usual, my Uncle Charles had persuaded my grandfather to send him to South Africa "to make good." He had landed at Cape Town, where, having a certain amount of money in his possession, he settled in an hotel and waited for an opportunity to make a fresh start. He had been waiting for a few weeks when he met a gentleman in the hotel bar who told him what a lot of money was to be made by keeping bees. My Uncle Charles expressed great interest in this information and stood the gentleman a drink. After several drinks, the gentleman confessed that he himself had made a great fortune out of bees and was only waiting for the right man to come along to buy his apiary. Then he would retire.

My Uncle Charles supposed that it would cost a lot of money to buy a successful apiary, but the gentleman said that he was wrong. He explained that it was difficult to find the right man to buy an apiary because one becomes so fond of the bees that one wants to see them in good hands. As the gentleman had already made a fortune, money was a minor consideration. For a hundred pounds a kindly fellow like my Uncle Charles could buy the finest apiary in existence. My Uncle Charles produced a hundred pounds at once, but when he had reached the address the gentleman had given him he discovered that the finest apiary in existence didn't exist. He had been afraid to inform my grandfather of this misfortune, so he had sent home glowing accounts of his success with bees, and he had repeated these stories so often that he had come to believe them himself.

Although my mother knew nothing of this she strongly suspected that my Uncle Charles would, in some way, let her down. To keep up her morale, she decided to attend the lecture dressed in her best coat and skirt of tussore silk, and a new tall hat with a tremendous wide brim, trimmed with bunches of cherries. My Uncle Charles was so calm that one could have imagined that he had spent most of his life addressing sewing circles on "Problems of an Apiarist." While my father was struggling into a new suit he sat in a deck-chair in the garden enjoying the sun.

My mother had just completed her *toilette* when she heard my Uncle Charles hailing her from the garden. She opened her bedroom window and looked out.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Come down, quick," he told her.

My mother ran down the stairs, closely followed by my father, who was buttoning up his waistcoat as he went. They found my Uncle Charles staring at the sky.

"See that?" he asked as they approached.

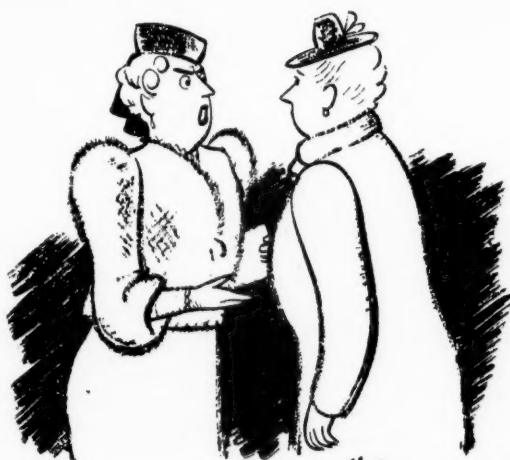
My elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and I joined the group and gazed open-mouthed at a host of black insects wheeling about above our heads.

"What are they?" asked my father.

"Bees," said my Uncle Charles.

As he spoke, the insects swooped down in a solid mass on the side of my mother's tall hat.

My elder brother Jim, my younger brother Henry and I



"Then, just as one has learnt to like margarine, they double the butter ration."

were delighted when the bees swarmed on my mother's head, but our delight was short-lived. My father sent us back to the house, where we watched proceedings through the dining-room windows. My mother stood stock-still and said calmly, "They have landed on my hat; I can feel them."

"What can we do, what can we do?" cried my father. "Don't lose your head," my mother told him. "Get them off."

My Uncle Charles said that before attempting to remove the bees they would have to drape my mother with muslin to prevent her being stung. He sent my father to fetch the lace curtains from the dining-room. Then he bored holes in the brim of my mother's hat with a penknife and tied the curtains on with string, so that she was enclosed in a small tent. When this was completed my father and my Uncle Charles caught hold of the brim of the hat and tried to lift it from my mother's head. It would not move. It was kept securely in place by a large hat-pin and the bees had swarmed on the head of the pin.

"Now what can we do?" asked my father in despair.

My Uncle Charles now had a new idea. He said that he would take my mother to the school-room as she was and, instead of an address, would give a practical demonstration of how to capture a swarm of bees. My mother protested, but my Uncle Charles told her that she would be quite safe beneath her covering of lace. He told my father to tie some lace around his head and to bring with him a large bowl and some honey. He said that if the honey were placed in the bowl the bees would immediately leave my mother's hat and swarm into the bowl. Then a piece of flat board would imprison them. My father said my Uncle Charles had better have some lace too, but my Uncle Charles said that bees did not sting him.

Mrs. Oliphant and the members of the sewing circle were somewhat surprised when my father and my mother entered the school-room heavily disguised in lace curtains, but my Uncle Charles explained the situation in a few brief sentences. A thrill of excitement ran around the room as he picked up the honey and placed it in the bowl. Then he held the bowl as near as he dared to my mother's hat. The bees

did not move. My Uncle Charles waved the bowl about in front of them, but they still clung to the hat.

"Have to smoke them out," he said.

My Uncle Charles produced two pipes from his pocket and filled them with shag tobacco. Then he offered one of them to my father and told him to light it and puff the smoke at the bees. My father said that he had never smoked a pipe in his life, but my Uncle Charles said that this did not matter.

In a few moments a heavy pall of evil-smelling smoke hung over my mother's hat, but the bees took no notice. The smoke penetrated to my mother's nostrils. She held her breath for as long as she could and then gasped. The smoke made her eyes water. She drew back her head and shot it forward again in a violent sneeze.

My mother's sneeze caused panic in the sewing circle. The bees rose in a cloud and spread all over the school-room, stinging indiscriminately. There was a stampede for the door as the members simultaneously reached the conclusion that they had lost all interest in the problems of an apiarist. When the attack had lost its vigour my father, my mother and my Uncle Charles were left alone. My father was sitting on the floor, looking very green and holding his head in his hands, while my mother was unable to control her coughing. My Uncle Charles alone appeared unconcerned at the debacle, despite the fact that his hands and face were swollen. He was looking into the bowl with a rather puzzled expression.

"Funny things—bees," he said.

o o

"Sir Thomas Beecham is leaving this week-end for his 'farewell' tour of Australia, the United States and Canada. He will be away for more than a year. Kick-off 3.15."—*Northern Paper*.

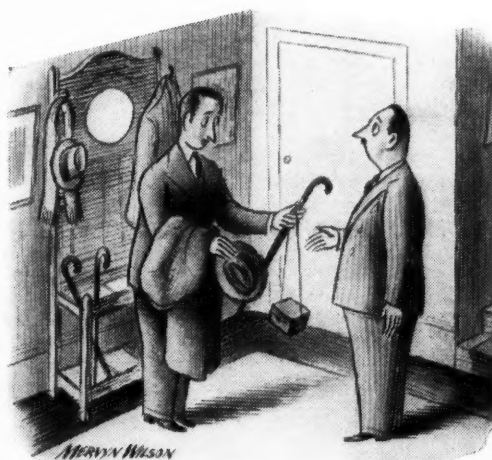
Half-time about the middle of October.

o o

"With the machines brought into good fettle, stock up with spare mower knives, sections and fingers."

From a country paper's farming notes.

Farmers are preparing for unskilled hands.



"Sorry to disappoint you, Herbert, but apparently it was turbot the wife asked me to bring home for dinner."



"Just ignore the Master, Edith—he's being very obstinate this year."

Little Talks

ALLO!
Allo!
Allo!
Is that you, Adolf? Allo! Allo!
Signorina, you have cut me off. I was speaking to the Fuehrer.

Pardon, Duce. Did you originate the call?

Certainly not!

Then kindly replace the receiver.
Probably the caller will repeat the call.

You bet he will!

Allo!

Allo!

It is I, the Fuehrer, speaking.

This is me—Mussolini.

Good morning, my dear friend.

Cut that out. How's the Fleet?

The what?

The German Fleet. Still dominating the North Sea?

Of course. How is the Italian Army?
Victorious, as usual.

Good. You know what they say about it, don't you?

Who? What?

They. About the Italian Army.

Who's "They"? I don't follow you, Adolf.

Well, those absurd plutocracies.

Who cares what they say?

As a matter of fact, I do. After all, it was what they said that won the last war.

I thought the Germans won the last war?

So they did, in the field—

And, of course, at sea?

Yes. But their unscrupulous propaganda stabbed us in the back.

Too bad. Well, what do they say about the Italian Army?

Oh, never mind.

PIP-PIP—THREE MINUTES, PLEASE.

Shall we have three more, Fuehrer?

Of course!

Can you afford it?

Britain will pay.

Oh, yes?

Anyhow, Denmark will pay. Every Dane will be compelled to read *Mein Kampf*, and I get a royalty on every copy.

What a racket! How is the book going in Norway?

What?

Oh, never mind. But I say, Fuehrer?

Yes?

Don't write another book. It lets the whole Axis down.

What d'you mean? That book has spread terror through the world.

They simply laugh at it. In England, I'm told, when they want a really good laugh, they take down your book and have a reading-party.

The English will need all the laughs they can get.

I gather they're getting one or two just now.

You wait!

Well, next time you're in prison—

What!! Benito, how—

Now don't get excited. What's the matter?

I react with iron resentment—

Are you biting the carpet?

No. But, Benito—! My dear!

Delicious Fuehrer, I merely said in the most cordial spirit—the next time you're in prison don't write a book.

How could I be in prison again?

You never know. Do you still think you're going to win this war?

Naturally. Don't you?

You haven't a hope.

!!!!

Allo? Allo? What's the matter?

Adolf, leave the nice carpet alone.

It wasn't the carpet. I've chewed a bit out of the transmitter mouthpiece.

Do you feel better?

PIP-PIP—THREE MINUTES, PLEASE.

Three more, you fool!

Well, dear Fuehrer, why did you ring me?

It's about your non-belligerent attitude. Isn't it about time, adored Benito, you came off the fence?

I dislike the metaphor. It is not dynamic. Benito Mussolini does not sit on fences. He bestrides the storm.

Very well, then. Ride down into the whirlpool.

That sounds better. But what would be the point? At the moment I am sitting pretty. The tourist trade is capital. My ships are prancing across the Atlantic, while yours, if you will forgive me, old fellow, are either bottled up or scuttled down.

Ships don't matter. They're obsolete.

Yes, I remember you said that in that queer book of yours. But the British ships seem to have their uses. So have mine.

I shall take the lot.

I beg your pardon?

How much do you want?

Eh?

What's your price?

Really, my dear Fuehrer, you are very abrupt and crude. My price for what?

For coming in now. What is it?

Tunis, Corsica, Madagascar, Canada? A few of the West Indies?

Tunis and Corsica I could help myself to. How soon do you think you will be able to dispose of Madagascar, Canada, and the West Indies?

I haven't got the time-table with me; but I think it's Spring, 1941.

Much might happen before then.

Much will.

Yes, but I mean— Do you ever play chess?

No.

You remind me of the beginner who forgets that the other fellow has a move coming too.

They've no move coming. Until it's too late. I jump; they stagger after.

Yes, that was all right while you were jumping on snails in the middle of Europe. But we were talking of the sea.

You can block the Mediterranean.

Can I? But they can block both ends.

My U-boats—

Your U-boats will be pretty busy in the North, won't they? That is, if they can get out.

Don't be tiresome, Duce.

How about my little Abyssinia, if I can't use the Canal?

You can march across the desert.

Have you ever seen the desert? Your trouble, Adolf, is that you've never been anywhere, and you don't know a thing.

To the German Army all land is the same.

The sea, however, has many points of difference which must be apparent even to the German High Command.

There is no difference. My Air Force will make obsolete the sea.

Oh, yes? Well, when you've wiped out the North Sea, I'll do the same for the Mediterranean.

You would look fine, Duce, as Emperor of Madagascar.

I don't want Madagascar. I'd like Ceylon and Java. And the Isle of Wight.

You can't have Ceylon and Java. I'm not sure about the Isle of Wight; but I think Goering's bagged that.

Why can't I have Ceylon?

I want Ceylon.

Oh.

Shall I send Ribbentrop to see you?

Whatever else you do, do not send Ribbentrop to see me.

Don't you like Joachim?

He makes me ill. I would sooner have a bad cheese in the room. You're not giving Ceylon to Ribbentrop?

No. He takes Scotland.

All the fish will die.

Really, Duce!

How many Germans are there?

Say eighty millions, including extras.

And that's the best you could find for a Foreign Secretary? Gollio!

PIP-PIP—THREE MINUTES, PLEASE.

More time.

Do you really want me to come in? Suppose they invade Northern Italy?

I will send a million soldiers over the Brenner.

And suppose we don't want your soldiers over the Brenner?

Do you want the English to win?

I'm not too fond of the English; but they're all better than Ribbentrop. Yes, all the forty million. Besides, my people dislike yours intensely. I've got to be careful.

It is a mistake to be careful.

I don't think I want Canada, anyway. It's cold.

Australia, then?

That's more like it. But then, there are your horrible Russians. I suppose you'd expect me to be civil to them?

I wish you'd try.

I can't, Adolf. I simply can't. And I can't think how you can.

They are frightful, aren't they?

What with Ribbentrop and the Russians, you do keep the most revolting company.

It's only for a time. I shall drop them the moment it suits me. Perhaps tread on them too.

Well, you keep clear of my Balkans, see?

My dear fellow, of course! I'll sign another Pact, if you like.

I shouldn't sign any more Pacts if I were you, Adolf. People will begin to make a joke of it.

Well, think it all over. Remember, if we go down you'll have backed the wrong horse. And if Nazismus goes, Fascismo may suffer.

Why? Because an imitation pearl cracks, no one thinks worse of the genuine article. On the contrary—

What exactly do you mean by that, Duce?

Only my fun. Forget it, Fuehrer.

Well, think it over. And I'll think about Ceylon. Then there's Madeira, of course.

Anyhow, we'll splash about in the bath a bit.

I AM SORRY, BERLIN, WILL YOU TAKE A TRUNK CALL, PLEASE?

Where from?

MOSCOW.

Delighted. Good-bye, old Axis.

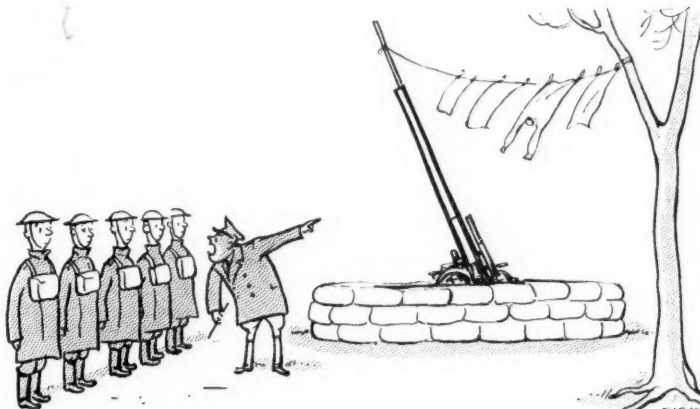
Farewell, dear corkscrew. A. P. H.

NOTICE

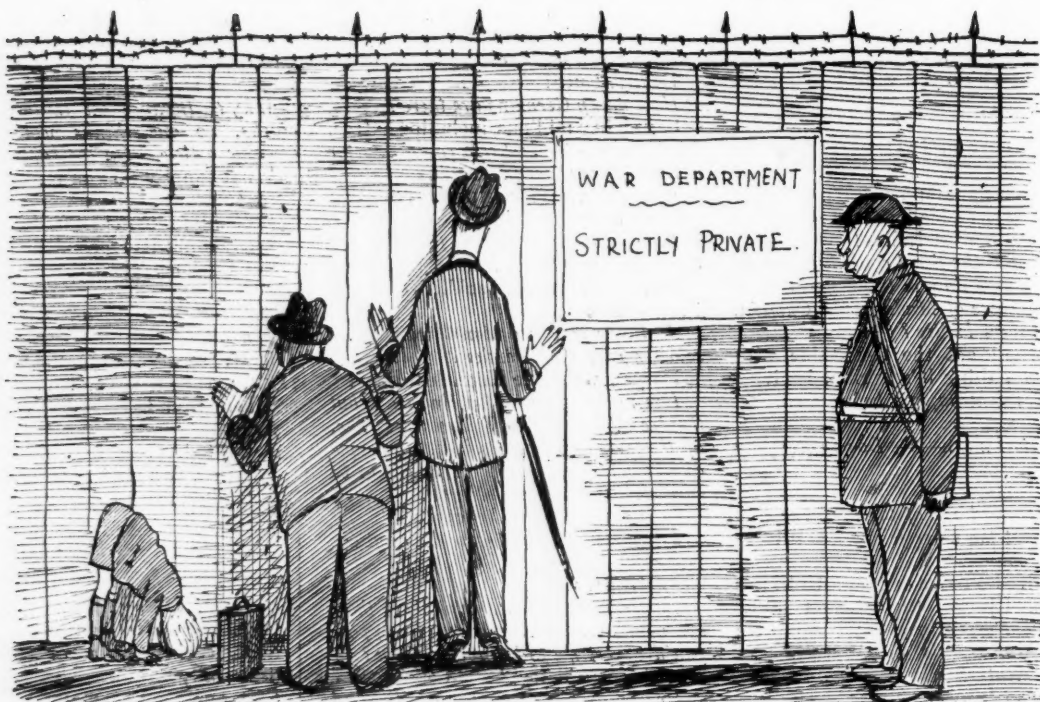
PAPER SHORTAGE

Owing to the situation in Scandinavia the supply of paper is drastically curtailed, with the result that our readers may find difficulty in obtaining PUNCH unless an order is given in advance.

To avoid this a definite order for PUNCH weekly (and the Summer Number to be published on May 6th) should be given immediately to your Newsagent or direct to this Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.4.



"How many times have I got to tell you not to hang up a shirt by its tail?"



WARTIME WEAKNESSES—CURIOSITY

Behind the Lines

XXX.—Quid Pro Quo

HERE'S to the Chancellor! Here's to you, Simon!
 What, are you taking my money away?
 Plunder as much as it pleases you. I'm an
 Ardent accessory, just for to-day.

Ask me for 80 per cent. of my income;
 Double the duties on whisky and beer,
 Fine all the finnick folk who won't drink 'em—
 Stick to it, Simon. I'm ready to cheer.

Rake in the overdue money the slack owe,
 Don't let the dodger escape from your clutch;
 Put what you like on my snuff and tobacco—
 Let me support you by smoking too much.

Twopence for letters? Of course I don't grudge it—
 Answering letters is only polite.
 Now, for a change, just to balance your Budget,
 Letters are welcome, and answered at sight.

What about Cats? Not the human, the feline—
 Pussies with whiskers, four legs and a tail?

Here we have two of the best. Make a bee-line
 Straight for our cats, and I'll pay on the nail.

Tax every hair on my head, and I'll simply
 Swamp it with lotions to nourish its pores;
 Tax every pimple, I'll try to go pimply—
 Anything, Simon, you want shall be yours.

Does this seem odd to you? Well, I'll be frank, you
 Mustn't suppose that I'm touched in the head.
 No. It is just that I've got to say thank-you . . .
 I am still living—and others are dead.

Younger and better men day after day go
 Proud to their destiny. As for myself,
 Sheer middle-age and a touch of lumbago
 Keep me in safety at home on the shelf.

Others are fighting, and Death, ever present,
 Swoops from the sky and spouts up from the seas . . .
 What can I do? I can pay and look pleasant.
 Tax me, good Simon, as much as you please.

A. A. M.



THE COUNTER - BLOW

"Is this a trident which I see before me,
The points toward my head?"



Mr. PUNCH'S HOSPITAL COMFORTS FUND

YOU are asked to remember the needs of the Navy fighting gloriously at sea, the Air Force constantly attacking the enemy, the crews of our minesweepers, the Expeditionary Force in Norway, the Army in France, the men at searchlight posts and anti-aircraft stations. All or most of them are in exposed, cold, wet situations. They want Balaclava helmets, sea-boot stockings, gloves, mittens and woollen waistcoats.

Apart from these, the Hospitals need supplies for the wounded, medical and surgical appliances of every kind.

Our Fund has already bought and distributed a large amount of raw material to be made into comforts for men serving and for Hospital patients, but there is demand for much more.

If you can spare a contribution will you please address it to: Punch Hospital Comforts Fund, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Impressions of Parliament

Synopsis of the Week

Tuesday, April 16th.—Lords: Agricultural Wages Bill given Second Reading. Statement on Graf Spee Information.

Commons: Debate on Man-power.

Wednesday, April 17th.—Lords: Sitting lasts one minute.

Commons: Agricultural Wages (Scotland) Bill given Second Reading. Debate on Siting of Industry.

Thursday, April 18th.—Lords: India. Commons: India.

Tuesday, April 16th.—The reason why the mutiny in the *Graf Spee* was not reported in this country until the end of March was that the letter which gave the first account of it took a roundabout course from its writer in Montevideo to the Admiralty, who published it as soon as it arrived. The LORD CHANCELLOR told this to Lord NEWTON, who continued to believe the Admiralty guilty of indecision.

That the Censor employed to deal with newspapers printed in Welsh can both read and speak Welsh must be a great comfort not only to the general public in Wales but also to the Censor himself, whose life would otherwise be altogether too exciting. Sir JOHN ANDERSON assured the Commons that the gentleman in question knew his way blindfold through the rugged and magnificent scenery of the Welsh language.

The debate on man-power was interesting because it showed a strong feeling on both sides of the House that the Government should take the country much more into its confidence about its plans for maintaining a sufficient army without a dangerous interference with the supply of labour for vital industries, and because although this was the first debate on the subject since the outbreak of war, the attendance was what might have been expected had the Muggleton-under-Slyme (Annual) Pier Bill been lying blushing on the table.

Mr. D. O. EVANS (Opp. Lib.) opened by asking why, when we still had raw materials, had we still a standing head of unemployed, why were we not making quicker and fuller use of women in industry and agriculture, and why were the arrangements not better for recalling genuinely skilled men from the Services?

The MINISTER, whose normal technique is to daze the House by

barking strings of statistics at it, made a much more helpful speech than usual, reminding the House that the business of keeping a balance between the Forces and industry was incredibly complicated. 1,700,000 young men had been mobilised and there had been 300,000

workers a year up to semi-skilled standards. The registration of 27-year-olds, added Mr. BROWN, would take place on May 25th.

That was all very well, said Mr. GEORGE HALL from the Labour Front Bench, but man-power wasn't being organised efficiently when a coal shortage coincided with unemployment among miners. New factories had been erected in agricultural districts instead of in places where labour was already available. He was certain that if only the Government would make their long-term requirements known everyone in the country would respond with his maximum effort.

Lord WINTERTON warmly agreed that it was high time the people were told what they were up against. France and Germany were mobilised down to the last child, the matter was hardly mentioned here either in Parliament or the Press. He considered the output of 40,000 from the training centres "almost derisory"; what we wanted was a kind of voluntary "Derby" scheme for civilian labour. He complained that a Minister in Mr. BROWN's position had a duty to tell the country what would be the consequences if we failed to win the war, but instead he had adopted an attitude of being all jolly old boys together.

Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, in a powerful speech, urged the House to consider that France and ourselves together were still spending less on war production than was the enemy, and begged for a complete census of industry before it was too late. Sir HENRY PAGE CROFT argued that reservation for industry should not come before fighting strength, and Sir RALPH GLYN suggested that the trade unions should co-operate in a rigorous watch for any signs of a "Fifth Column" among refugees. (See Mr. P.'s Junior Cartoon.)

Wednesday, April 17th.—When he announced that from May 1st railway fares, including those of the L.P.T.B., would be ten per cent. more, Captain WALLACE was criticised by Labour Members for not having referred the matter to the Railway Rates Tribunal. He replied that time pressed and he was satisfied that the extra expenses of which the railways complained were real.

Those rural councils foolish enough at the end of the last war to accept a hideous heritage of guns and tanks for their village greens have found that a gun or a tank is every bit as difficult to get rid of as a used razor-blade. At last



HOW TO WIN THE WAR

"We shall win this war only by fighting and punching power."

SIR HENRY PAGE CROFT

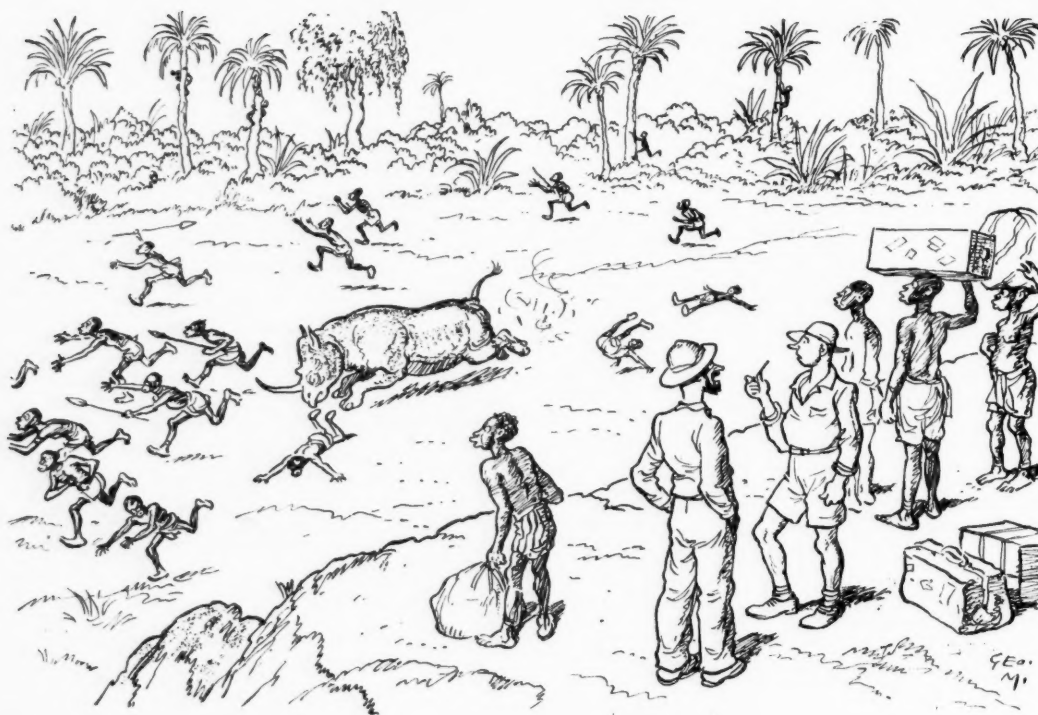
volunteers; 20,000 men had been returned indefinitely to industry and 13,000 had been given temporary release. The trade unions had played splendidly. The Government had its mobilisation plans, which must be secret, ready for eighteen months ahead. Government training centres should be able to bring about 40,000



HOLDING THE BALANCE

"The basic problem was the maintenance of a balance of man-power . . ."

MR. E. BROWN



"We're in luck—there's a rhinoceros-hunt."

there is a way out, and a patriotic one at that, for Colonel LLEWELLYN announced that these mouldering trophies were being collected for scrap.

The House having attended to the wages of Scottish farm workers, there was a good debate on the location of industry, Mr. LAWSON asking that the report of the Royal Commission should now be considered. His main point was that, far from being solved by war needs, the question of the Special Areas was still with us and was likely to remain when the war was over. He wished the Government had given more attention to Sir MALCOLM STEWART's advice that the development of Greater London should be stopped and that factories should only be built under licence. Mr. ELLIOT replied that in fact the Government were in some instances going one better than the recommendations of the Royal Commission, for evacuation had greatly depleted London and the siting of factories was under the closest control by a group of Departments.

Mr. HERBERT MORRISON said he was proud of London but not of its size, spread and sprawl. Smoky factories were being dumped in unspoiled country

because the Ministry of Health was not functioning properly in regard to town planning.

Winding up, Major LLOYD GEORGE suggested that if bombing took place on a large scale it was impossible to say what areas would not be depressed

after the war. A grim but practical thought.

Thursday, April 18th.—Both Houses regretfully extended the Emergency Proclamations by which seven of the eleven Indian Provinces are being governed.

In the Upper House the Minister, Lord ZETLAND, pointed out that in one-third of British India parliamentary government was working well, and said he regarded the Moslem League's suggestion of complete partition between Moslems and Hindus as a counsel of despair. Speaking for the Labour Party, Lord SNELL begged all classes in India to be reasonable. Lord CREWE hoped an arrangement would be possible and Lord SALISBURY was sure that Congress was trying it on with the British Government.

In the Commons, after the P.M. had given a satisfactory account of the London Conference attended by our diplomats from the Balkans, Mr. WEDGWOOD BENN's suggestion that the Moslem League and Congress should be invited to form a smaller body for the production of a plan for constitutional advance was thought to be a good one.



"A TRUSTEE FOR BEAUTY"

MR. (ARCHIBALD GROSVENOR) MORRISON

Inside Germany

THE news that the bronze doors of Hitler's Chancellery have been turned into scrap metal will come as no surprise to those *au fait* with present conditions in the Reich. All the baths in the Chancellery were removed for the same purpose early in January, and it will be remembered that there was a good deal of unpleasantness when it was discovered that Goering was taking a bath when the men called from the scrap factory. He insisted on finishing his bath, and crowds gathered in Unter den Linden to watch the procession of lorries pass, with Goering's head appearing over the top of one bath attempting to look nonchalant.

Attempts are being made by the German Press to suggest that there is an equally morbid desire to collect scrap metal in England. As evidence of this it is pointed out that the main anxiety of a popular Saturday-night comedian centres on the whereabouts of his bicycle. "As if the poor deceived man could not guess" (to quote the *Volkicker Bearsundai*) "that Winston Churchill stole it for scrap long ago."

The Berlin Royal Academy Exhibition opens on May 1st, and it is rumoured that this year all the pictures will be by one artist, who modestly conceals his identity under the initials "A. H." Versatility and imagination are his chief characteristics, and his earlier and later styles are well illustrated by two portraits of a Russian gentleman named Stalin. The first of these shows him with horns and a tail, and the second with a halo and wings. A fine sea-piece entitled "The Sinking of the Ark Royal," is perhaps the best imaginative work of this extremely promising young artist.

It is common knowledge in Berlin that the war is to end on July 1st. This date was agreed to by Hitler and the General Staff, so that nothing now stands in the way of its fulfilment. There is still a good deal of controversy, however, as to the exact time of day when peace is to be declared. Hitler suggested 10 A.M., but Goering protested that he cannot get his medals on before eleven unless he starts work the night before.

There will shortly be issued in Berlin the Norwegian Pink Book giving the

origins of the war between Norway and the Reich. This will prove to all reasonable Germans beyond a shadow of doubt that Norway had been secretly planning to attack Germany ever since 1482, and that the flames had been fanned by the American Minister, the Governor of Bombay, and Clark Gable.

Submarines are being produced at the rate of thirty-three every day except Wednesdays, when the foreman has a day off to visit his married sister.

In connection with the Scrap Metal

Campaign, it has been decided that coffin-plates will not be available until after the war. Anybody dying before the cessation of hostilities will be regarded as a traitor to the Fatherland, and treated accordingly.

"A bright thought to cheer you up, from Miss Elsie E. Lunn (Millwall):

To-day is the to-morrow that you worried about yesterday, and all is well. Stick that over your shaving mirror."

The Star.

And cut your throat reading it.



"Your sandwiches, Sir! I didn't put no salt, on account o' the spray."

At the Revue

"NEW FACES" (COMEDY)

I WAS going to say that this was another of these intimate revues, and then I took the trouble to look the word up in *The Oxford Dictionary*—only the Shorter one, I admit, but we are at war. I found:

"INTIMATE. *Adj.* 1. Inmost, most inward, deep-seated; hence, essential, intrinsic. Now chiefly in scientific use. 2. Pertaining to the inmost thoughts or feelings 1671. 3. Close in acquaintance or association; characterised by familiarity; very familiar. Also *transf.* of things: Pertaining to or dealing with such close personal relations 1635. 4. Of knowledge or acquaintance: Close 1680. 5. Of a relation between things: Very close 1692."

We get into the habit of using words too loosely. I have always suspected that people judged the "intimacy" of a revue mainly by the distance between the back of the stalls and the stage of the theatre at which it was being played, and now I see that this usage was apparently hallowed as long ago as 1692. But it seems a weak definition, and to say of a revue that it is either deep-seated or very familiar is simply to be rude.

So of this I will say instead that Mr. ERIC MASCHWITZ has written most of it, and wittily, that Mr. HEDLEY BRIGGS has decked it out gaily and as Producer has infused a lot of go, and that the new faces themselves have a very fair degree of talent behind their nicely moulded features. (Not all brand-new to London, incidentally.) Mr. JACK STRACHEY'S music keeps a good level and boasts several stiff foothills if not minor peaks.

I should say that after a reasonable dinner four out of five of our readers would put this show among the three best revues in London. There is a refreshing variety in its design and the tender is well-blended with the absurd. Judging by current programmes revue-makers find it harder to get sentimental stuff with real feeling in it (as opposed to the mere vocal golden syrup of some revues) than to make audiences laugh. A song here which shows a woman's return at this date to a Paris bedroom where she

had stayed in the last war with a lover on leave who had never come back is a good example of the intelligently pathetic. It is sung extremely well by Miss JUDY CAMPBELL, who in a lighter vein sings charmingly a lyrical piece



THE MEN BEHIND THE MUSH

Morrie Mr. BILL FRASER
Sid Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY

called "A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square." Add one called "If I Were Ginger Rogers," which is the best sort of park-seat ditty and is sung with spirit by Miss BETTY ANN DAVIES and Mr. JEREMY HAWK, and you have three pieces which prove Mr. MASCHWITZ to know his way about the human heart.



AT THE BOTTOM OF MY GARDEN

MISS BETTY ANN DAVIES

Miss DAVIES has a cruel turn of satire. Her little girl reciting about fairies is not a new idea but is fiendishly well done, and her Cockney who is so scatterbrained as to be beyond seduction even in the den of a wealthy West

End pest is very funny indeed. As the W.W.E.P. Mr. BILL FRASER is also tremendous.

A pleasing song about an angel who has been demoted from the high places for playing hoop-la with her halo and generally being impossibly frivolous shows that Miss ZOE GAIL can handle the lightly hard-boiled. Mr. CHARLES HAWTREY is an intellectual droll of whom we should surely hear more. At present his effects are a little uncertain, but he is full of possibilities. I think his best turn is a skit on Miss LILLIE's spy sketch, in which he takes off Miss LILLIE, but his whirlwind song as "La Vivandière" is near it, though it made me hope he will keep away from Mr. DOUGLAS BYNG'S territory. He is too original to be a trespasser.

A perfectly delightful French song about love and what it does to a chap is admirably sung by Mr. FRITH BANBURY with something of CHEVALIER and much more of himself. Miss MOIRA KENNETT has a good dance, though it is somewhat erratically lit. The song about first-night Lenz-Lizards (my phrase and copyright) pleased me, for I have a bee in my own bonnet on the subject.

For colour and rhythm "The Franco-British Swing" wins our buttered bun for Mr. BRIGGS. And "Women and the War," neatly put over by Miss ROSEMARY LOMAX, Miss ANN ALLAN and Miss PEGGY WILLOUGHBY, says a good deal. As for the prostitution of Shakespeare to swing music, my feelings are better unrecorded.

ERIC.

Every Home Comfort

"The wool has made 437 garments, comprising socks, scarves, pelmets . . . and the like."—*Parish Magazine*.

"Miss Ann Grey, who saw the attack, said that one of the bandits was of medium height, fair-haired, and wore a raincoat." *Daily Mail*.

Now they can't miss him.

At the Play

"THE JERSEY LILY" (GATE)

THE Gate Theatre, being a club and so free of the Lord Chamberlain's discipline, can practise an art not tongue-tied by authority. It has several times used its freedom to reconstruct the private lives of eminent Victorians, ranging from QUEEN VICTORIA herself, the pattern of decorum, to such offenders against it as WILDE and PARNELL. These lives have been reasonably examined, not wantonly exploited, in terms of the theatre, and the same is true of the latest addition, the life of Mrs. LANGTRY.

Sir BASIL BARTLETT, author of *The Jersey Lily*, has of course to relate the lady to her royal admirers, but he does not for a moment try to win unfair excitement as a dabbler in scandals or to apply the methods of mental strip-tease to the romance of not so long ago. Rather might he be said to paint the Lily than to show her as a digger for gold.

We first meet her in 1878 when the chairs in Hyde Park are being stormed by the gentry, as once the railings by the mob, in order to get a good view of Mrs. Langtry driving by. She is young, she is lovely, she is fresh from a Deanery in Jersey, as it were "hither from a convent all dewy fetched," and she is married to a dashing young Irishman who raises elbow and money with equal rashness. The young Mrs. Langtry has the town at her feet and the bailiffs at her door.

Then, after her husband's death, begins the courtship of the charming, serious, navy-minded nobleman. An even more august personage, taking an amiably protective interest in such a reigning beauty, tries to separate them for their own good. Marriage with the Queen's veto will only deprive the royal sailor of his status and career. Mrs. Langtry has become a poor widow, but not a merry one, and an actress, but not a good one. Sir BASIL makes no high claims for his heroine's histrionics. The public were content to gaze uncritically on such a *Rosalind*: her Arden

was inevitably their heaven. But she herself knew, and so did the connoisseurs, that her acting was only skin-deep, a beauty-parade, which had to be gone through for the sake of

money. At a meeting in Marlborough House the royal marriage is discussed and abandoned. She will not break the naval career and embarrass the life of the man she loves.



THE IDOL OF THE EIGHTIES—

Lord Somers . . . MR. ANTHONY MARLOWE
Mrs. Langtry . . . MISS HERMIONE HANNEN



—CAPTIVATES THE NINETEEN-HUNDREDS

Mrs. Langtry MISS HERMIONE HANNEN
Tony MR. RICHARD SURREY

This is a naturally and strongly moving scene, but it leaves little for the Third Act. At a garden-party the now maturing Lily is admired and revered by the pink of youth in the person of an Old Etonian, seemingly wearing an Old Cheltonian blazer (no doubt he had doubled the parts), and then in 1914 the sailor-prince, for whose career the Lily had practised such self-denial, is sacrificed to popular clamour and loses his Great Day of opportunity because his father would have called it "tag."

Throughout the piece Mrs. Langtry, lucky to precede to-day's abominable misuse of the word glamour, is seen bowing to the winds of time and destiny with the quiet beauty of a flower. Miss HERMIONE HANNEN very prettily decorates, but does not animate, the part. One is not asking for a display of "It" or "Oomph," as the rich genius of our tongue now expresses it, only for something more warmly magnetic than this rather chill and waxen impersonation.

Mr. PAUL HERNRIED, as her adorer, gives a magnificently firm, clear and poignant performance, and Mr. LEO GENN's Edwardian study is ingenious, though possibly a little too rosy of cheek. One may also doubt whether the gentleman whom he presents was apt to be so publicly frank concerning his opinions of mamma. I. B.

Going Begging

"A Large Palm for Sale, suitable for Hotel Lounge."
Advt. in Staffordshire Paper.

"Molotoff's attitude was correctly stiff and bureaucratic. He wore a coat and tie. The rest of the Russians wore shirts."

Daily Paper.

Anybody wear the pants?

"It's a Lovely Day To-morrow."
Any Wireless Programme.
Censor! Censor!



"Yes, dear, I find it cures my slice."

Our Working Party

THERE is no doubt about it, our Working Party—or Hospital Supplies and Comforts Depot as we really prefer to be called—has made great strides in business methods during the past seven months of war. It seems absurd to think that we used to type the knitting instructions with only one finger of each hand when we use two quite easily now. Anyway, to be able to type knitting instructions at all is in the nature of a triumph, because they

are full of tricky chess-like phrases like K.1, P.1, K.2 tog., and if you make one little mistake, such as putting increase instead of decrease, which is after all a very easy slip to make, or if you happened to miss out "repeat for forty-eight rows" you might easily turn a sea-boot stocking into a Balaclava. Not that it would matter much if you did. . . .

Our cutters too have advanced by leaps and bounds. Mrs. Rumford—our

head cutter, whatever Miss Napkin may say to the contrary—has developed her cutting personality to a quite wonderful degree. No longer does she hesitate and nervously pin and unpin the pattern on the material, but she goes for a bale of winceyette with the scissors like a Bengal Lancer at a tent-peg. The same may be said of Miss Bead, our chief tacker. "When the war started," she confided in me, "I was quite unable to baste my work except from a pattern instructions. Now I am ever so bold. Why," she whispered, "with the Finnish pyjamas I actually tacked up all the legs first and all the bodies afterwards, which was dreadfully heretical." We agreed that it was rather a relief to get away from the orthodox sometimes.

When Lady Marlin-Spike took over our stock-keeping she hooted with contemptuous laughter at our old-fashioned methods of taking out all the bed-jackets, night-shirts, operation stockings, etc., from the spare-room cupboard and counting them and putting them away again at the end of every month. There's no doubt that it was very laborious and slow, and I must admit that even then we didn't always get the numbers to tally with what they ought to be. Lady Marlin-Spike said it was ridiculous to go to all that trouble and that the right way to keep stock—as in all the best stores, the methods of which she knew backwards because her daughter had once been in Peter Piper's for six weeks—was to enter what was put into stock and subtract what was taken out, and there you were. So now we've got a beautiful stock book with the "outs" entered in red and the "ins" entered in green and the total in black. But there seems to be something wrong somewhere, because at the end of last month the stock book registered that we had got minus eighteen pairs of pants. "And that *can't* be right," as Lady Marlin-Spike says. She was very worried about it at the time, but she feels a bit better now since she asked a man in the soft furnishings in Peter Piper's if their stock-keeping always came out correct at the end of the year, and he said "Not invariably."

Even our conversation has changed in character. At the beginning of the war we just had ordinary easy chat about affairs in general. Miss Tonks always said that she still couldn't really believe that the war was really actually happening, and that it still seemed as if it must be a bad dream, and we said "Yes, didn't it?" and Mrs. Le Spender said that her nephew was something very high up in Marylebone A.R.P., and he had said that our

defences were never better, and we said "Weren't they really?" and so on. Now we use words like "allocation" and "indent" and "de-centralise," and whereas we always had to read the Red Cross and St. John War Emergency Council memoranda five times before we understood them, we now only have to read them four times.

We also have a lovely Woolworth date-stamp which we bang smartly down on all the Depot correspondence, which now lives (ever since a letter from the Polish Comforts Fund was eaten by the puppy) in a neat file labelled "Hospital Supplies" instead of on the desk all amongst the tradesmen's books and recipes for cakes without eggs, butter or milk, and pleading letters to the Petroleum Officer, etc.

So altogether we feel we are very different beings from the ignorant amateurs that started at the beginning of the war. And in token of this there is now a badge, to separate the sheep from the goats, for those who have done a hundred hours' work for the Central Hospital Supply Service. We are very particular about this. Most of us could get the badge many times over if we counted the times we had spent unpicking the thumbs of mittens after dinner, or bicycling down to the village for needles. But it must be work done at the Depot, after clocking in properly—that is to say signing in the other end of one of the children's almost unused exercise-books—and we don't want any ridiculous nonsense like Miss Rinse asking if she could have a badge for her mother, who broke her leg trying to get into a bath last October and what with falling leaves and icy roads hasn't dared venture out since the Depot moved from the Baptist Hall, which is handy, to the Guide Hut, which is a good ten minutes, but who does splendid work (so Miss Rinse says) knitting floor-cloths in bed. If we are going to win this war we can't let sentimentality creep in and permit that kind of dilettante rubbish.

M. D.

When We Were Awfully Young

"As her daughter, we watch Margaret Rawlings grow from the fanatical child into a dignified and intelligent woman."

Press Report of a Play.

"UNVEILING OF NEW STATUE DEMOLITION SQUAD IN TRAINING"

Local Paper Contents-Bill.

Nothing drastic, we hope.

World Dominion Lost

AID me, my muse, and tell me by what way,
What winding road or airy esplanade
The lies of Bremen climb to the inane.

When first the world was made, an ambient layer
About its atmosphere, long after named
Heavyside, was circuitously built.
Thither the lies of Bremen, hurled aloft
By force electrical from engines dire,
Ascend, in empty ether to consort
With vapid spirits and with ghosts not damned—
Being too vacant for damnation yet—
Bogies and bogles, leprechauns and ghouls,
And all relations of that people called
Flibbertigibbets. Thence to earth again,
Refracted downwards from their brief consort
With disembodied phantoms, they pervert
The ears of those that unto Bremen turn,
As once in Canaan turned to Baalim
The ill-advised; whereof great harm was done.
Two hundred thousand times they run a mile
Within one second, thus outpacing far
The hippogriff and all created things.
And, being heard, they pass remoter yet
To vex the furthest boundaries of the sky,
There to provoke the gentle asteroids
Or taint sweet streams with their abundant hate
On Venus, Saturn, Mercury or Mars;
For these are lies that have the taste of slime.

Thank you, my muse, you've made it very clear.



MERVYN WILSON

"Quite apropos of nothing, are you able to read?"

Office Lunch

MR. HEAD says my lunch is like Easter, a movable feast. All very well for him talking; he comes out of his room every day at quarter to one with his umbrella, pulls one glove on and mumbles "I shan't be long," and we know we shan't see him again much before three.

I don't know so much about the feast—it depends on whether I'm having my hair done that week or owing the petty cash anything—but I'll say he's right about the movable. It's anything between 12.0 and 3.30 when I get away. Either Doris or I have got to be in, and there's always something happening to keep one of us from getting back to let the other go. A bit of a nuisance really, because it means we can't ever go out together unless we have something sent in from the café across the road, so if ever you catch Doris and me having lunch together you know the sky's fallen.

As a matter of fact the last time we did was the day the ceiling came down

after the frost, and we had to move everything and the caretaker put his foot on the two luncheon boxes. I know they ought to have gone straight into the filing-cabinet but you don't think of these things till afterwards. A pity there was a tomato in each.

Anyway I couldn't go on eating the same old thing every day like she can. While I'm waiting for the water in the tap to run hot when I'm washing before lunch I often wonder what I'll have to-day and where'll I go. But Doris could just walk across the road and eat what they call brunch (you know—egg and sausage and chips) every day of the week.

Talking about eats though, I often think it's funny the way when you're economising you can make a meal one day off a roll-and-butter and an early tea, and then when you're in funds you eat the roll-and-butter on top of the three-course lunch they give you at Joan's Junketry. You know the place: all new-laid eggs and pots of honey,

and only one menu to every three tables, so that you can never remember what you were going to have next.

But at any rate they give you plenty there. It's not like some of those shops along Oxford Street when I've taken an extra half-hour and gone along with a friend to see if they've got anything in the way of hats. I don't know whether you've ever noticed, but the longer the name the less they give you and the more you pay. I mean, if it's a luncheonette you're lucky if you get soup and a lettuce-leaf. And even at that you won't get a table to yourselves, all the two-tables being taken up by odd people sitting by themselves.

It's different when you're by yourself of course. Then if I can only prop my book open against the cruet and get something I can eat with a fork it's surprising the amount of knitting you can get through as well if it wasn't for thinking of Doris waiting there till you get back.



"Still keepin' to the straight an' narrow, I see."



"There's one thing about it, Mrs. Green, the Government do seem to be profiteering by the mistakes not they made in the last war."

That's the only thing I have against going early: it takes you back early too, though of course it gives you an extra half-hour at the office to have a cigarette before anybody comes in. If you go late of course you get the lunch places to yourself, but then all the things you like are off. Jam roll always is after quarter-past one.

But anyway I'm off jam roll for a bit myself. Just as Mr. Head banged the door after him yesterday I felt a spot coming out on the edge of my face—one of those nasty ones that take ten seconds to come and ten days to go

—so the moment Doris got in from the bank off I went to have a fruitarian lunch. And then it's good-bye to anything but peeling and cracking and crunching and chewing till your jaws ache and your hour's up. And by the time you've finished the plateful they bring you, you feel as if you couldn't eat another meal for a week, and by four o'clock you feel you haven't had a meal for a week and send Doris out for sausage-rolls and a toasted bun—what she calls teanch.

I always think myself that the day you change your mind and call after

the waitress you'll have orangeade instead of coffee is the first real day of summer. It'll be nice not to have to remember to take the empty typewriter-ribbon tin out with extra sugar. But then next thing you see mince-pies on the menu and plum-pudding before we've got the summer holidays over, and they hustle you so, it's Christmas before you know where you are.

Well, I may be wrong, but the way I always look at it is that each day brings us a day nearer the end of the war. Who knows, it may be all over by next year's pancakes!



"You mean to tell me you have that wooden casing and sandbags inside!"

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

Kipling Reconsidered

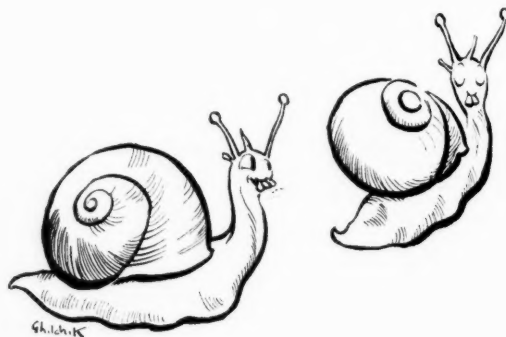
It is wellnigh inevitable that a book about the Prophet of Empire, the poet of the White Man's Burden and the "strong man ruling alone," should, at this time of day, be something of an apology not only in the more precise but in the commoner meaning of that word. And such, in fact, *Rudyard Kipling: A Study in Literature and Political Ideas* (MACMILLAN, 7/6) is. Mr. EDWARD SHANKS writes as a stout admirer; he assumes that his hero's place in the Temple of Fame is secure; but he neither ignores nor attempts to minimise those elements in his character or those passages of his writing at which a not exaggerated refinement of taste or a not unreasonably equalitarian political philosophy may take justifiable offence. What he has tried to do, and succeeded in doing, is to see his man both as a whole in his proper proportions, and as continuously developing; and this has led him to the conclusion that KIPLING's work, so far from having come to its highest pitch in those brave early years of suddenly-blazing celebrity, showed a steady progress in depth and significance. Mr. SHANKS pays full tribute to the precocious brilliancy which manifested itself in the Indian stories and verses, and to the tremendous efficiency of the middle phase; but he finds that for the loss of joyous and arrogant certainty which came with the shattering of the Imperial dream there was full compensation, and that the ultimate flower of KIPLING's genius was the discovery and expression of England herself in *Puck of Pook's Hill*. It is an interesting thesis, ably argued.

Waltz Dynasty

In *Johann Strauss: A Century of Light Music* (HUTCHINSON, 18/-), HEINRICH EDUARD JACOB tells the story of an astonishing freak of heredity. The whirling waltz—symbol of the expanding triumphant bourgeoisie, ousting the sober aristocratic minuet—dominated the nineteenth century, and the four STRAUSSSES, JOHANN I and his three sons, JOHANN II, JOSEF and EDUARD dominated, almost might be said to have held patent rights in, the waltz. JOHANN I, son of a small publican, was hardly out of school when he was fiddling in an orchestra, having run away from a bookbinder to whom he had been apprenticed; when he was twenty-six he controlled an orchestra of two hundred musicians, and Vienna was at his feet; before he died, in 1848, at the age of forty-four, he had conquered every capital in Europe, was a rich man and hobnobbing with princes. The English climate had nearly killed him ten years before when he came over for QUEEN VICTORIA's Coronation. JOHANN II repeated, indeed with the flying start of his father's fame surpassed, his father's triumphs. JOSEF took over the orchestra to free his more creative brother for composition and on his death EDUARD took up the fiddle-bow and carried on the famous STRAUSS orchestra till the turn of the century. The two JOHANNSS developed, sophisticated and above all "put over" the waltz. Their musicianship—superior persons, please note!—won the serious respect of such masters as BERLIOZ, MENDELSSOHN, SCHUMANN, WAGNER, LISZT and BRAHMS. All four were conductors of unusual authority and personality. The historical background is interestingly sketched in by our author and he makes his musical points with frequent quotations.

Clio and the Vere de Veres

When Mr. THOMAS STRICKLAND, ex-employee of various shipping concerns, died in 1818 he left a wife and six daughters scantily endowed. Two of his girls emigrated to Canada; one showed even greater pluck by marrying into "Chapel"; and two became the foremost women historians of their time. It is the career of *Agnes Strickland* (CHATTO AND WINDUS, 16/-) that Dame UNA POPE-HENNESSY has traced with such intimate appreciation of its Victorian convolutions; because AGNES—unlike ELIZA who collaborated with her sister over their famous *Lives of the Queens of England*—was a careerist born. A romantic snob, a tuft-hunter, a climber, she had to be all three to gain access to the country-houses—and even to the national and royal caches—where English records and muniments were messily



"Is my house on straight?"



Tommy (to Jock, on leave). "WHAT ABOUT THE LINGO? SUPPOSE YOU WANT AN EGG OVER THERE, WHAT DO YOU SAY?"

Jock. "YE JUIST SAY, 'OOF.'"

Tommy. "BUT SUPPOSE YOU WANT TWO?"

Jock. "YE SAY 'TWA OOF,' AND THE SILLY AULD FULE WIFE GIES YE THREE, AND YE JUIST GIE HER BACK ONE. MAN, IT'S AN AWFU' EASY LANGUAGE."

F. H. Townsend, April 26th, 1916

and indiscriminately housed. How she was helped by LINGARD and bullied by MACAULAY; how noble English papists assisted her to a more European slant on insular history; and how she wrote a book on the youthful VICTORIA, which VICTORIA covered with furious marginal corrections, are only a few of the sidelights of an accomplished and cumulatively fascinating biography on the female erudition of its day.

Life and the Furies

Our Time is Gone (LANE, 10/6) being but the third part of a trilogy, the reader who embarks upon it without previous knowledge of the *Fury* family and their earlier adventures is obviously at a disadvantage. Yet he is not

at such a disadvantage as he might have been; for though for a while he may wander among bewilderments, he does gradually gain enlightenment on the cardinal happenings which have brought the characters presented to him, these humble Irish folk transplanted in an English seaport, to the positions in which he here finds them—chief and most sensational among those happenings being the murder which sent young *Peter Fury* to prison (and only his youth preserved him from the gallows) and temporarily unhinged his mother's mind. Moreover a certain confusion, both in the method which he employs and the effect which he aims at producing, is of the essence of Mr. JAMES HANLEY's art. Life as it is, and not as your classically-minded writer nicely arranges it, is what he gives us; and life, as has of late been brought home to us with more than usual force, is a

confused and confusing business. Mr. HANLEY's sentences are staccato and spasmodic and allusive, his changes of scene swift and apparently arbitrary. Nevertheless (or therefore) these *Furys* of his—the tragic mother, the disorientated father, *Desmond* the uneasy social climber, *Maureen* with her almost fantastically disreputable lover—are all undoubtedly alive, even though their stories, separate and interwoven, proceed to no inevitable, as certainly to no comfortable, conclusion.

The Accomplished Mrs. Boscawen

With a time-lag of weeks and months between the dispatch of news and its reception, the existence of an admiral's lady of the eighteenth century must have been a trial to the most stout-hearted. FANNY BOSCAWEN—EVELYN's great-great niece and the wife of PITT's favourite admiral—was no exception to the hardship of the rule or the traditional gallantry of its acceptance. An ideal mate for a squire, she found herself continually preparing her own modest person, her five children, a London home and a Surrey one for the deferred return of the devoted sailor to whom the admirably edited letters of *Admiral's Wife* (LONGMANS, 12/6) are mainly addressed. Here you have the unassuming self-portrait of a woman of sense and taste—she gave ROBERT ADAM his first job of interior decoration—writing in town till the postman with his bell comes round for the last letters, or in the country with a housewifely eye on “the finest piece of barley in the parish.” She is at her best on domesticities. When she strays outside her well-administered province—apropos, for instance, of the trial of Admiral BYNG—she is consciously less happy.

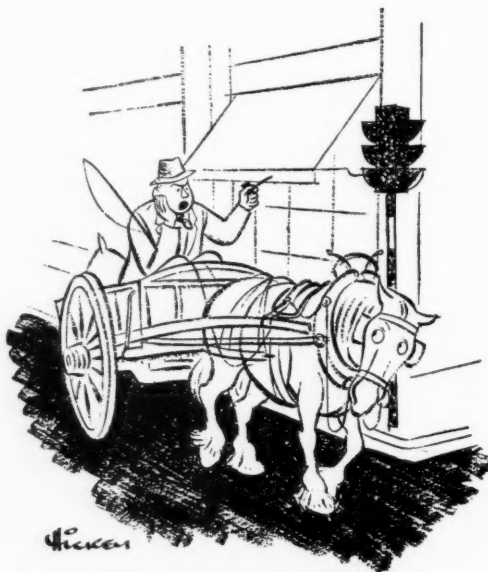
Who Has Been Where Before?

The immediate reincarnation of an officer killed in the last war and his return as soon as he is once more grown up, bearing the same Christian name, to his widow, who has a passionate love-affair with the boy, is asking a good deal of readers outside Tibet as a theme for fiction. Yet Miss ANGELA DU MAURIER, who tells a story well, may be said to have got away with it in *The Spinning Wheel* (MICHAEL JOSEPH, 8/3), taking it in her stride as an easily acceptable convention and being careful to keep it lopped of the whimsy which might so easily have blossomed on it to its almost inevitable ruin. *Mary Fitzgerald* falls madly in love with *Sirion McKeal* at our Embassy in Vienna in 1911; in

1932 she marries a nice phlegmatic German professor who commits an unselfish suicide on the afternoon of the Munich Agreement; soon afterwards to the *McKeal* place in Scotland comes a young artist, *Sirion Flower*, who has been there before in spirit and stirs strange memories in her. The end is a war end, tragic but complete. This is an interesting novel, for Miss DU MAURIER has a sense of character and a power of vivid description.

Open Minds

It is pleasant and by no means usual to meet a sleuth in fiction who “has no opinion of foolhardy heroics and holds that detective work is a matter for co-operation rather than for individual exploits.” Such are the views of Mr. E. C. R. LORAC's competent *Inspector Macdonald*, and in *Death at Dyke's Corner* (COLLINS, 8/3) he does not forget them. While investigating the murder of a man who in many ways sinned against the light the *Inspector* handled the various suspects with his customary urbanity, but the tale loses a little of its interest when he begins to concentrate his attention upon some of the tradesmen of the local town. These shopkeepers are skilfully drawn, but it is not easy to feel any great anxiety about the fate of any of them. Mr. LORAC deserves marks for including a sketch-map of roads, and his story should not be missed by *Macdonald's* numerous admirers.



“There you go, clever—straight through the red light again.”

Beating the Band

The scene of *Swing it, Death* (GOLLANCZ, 7/6), is laid in London, but some readers may find it difficult to believe that

the activities of Mr. GAVIN HOLT's private investigator, *Joel Saber*, would be tolerated by the representatives of Scotland Yard. The trouble arose when *Jeef Gorey's* Rhumbadors, “straight from New York,” were giving their first performance at the Imperial Theatre; for as a start *Jeef* declared that someone had tried to shoot him, and soon after this alarming announcement his wife, *Telka*, was murdered. *Jeef's* band certainly had publicity enough, but their opening night was possibly more sensational than successful. “A theatre back-stage is,” we are told, “a good place for a game of hide-and-seek,” and *Saber* had a tough job with a toughish crowd before he could explain the mystery surrounding *Telka's* death.

New Use for Old Playwrights

“Whoever rents Brantridge Park will have use of some magnificent furniture. Nearly every room contains specimens of Chippendale and Sheridan.”—*Daily Paper*.

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